Programming Love Language
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Programming Love Language

by Bordementions

Summary

Shakur fixes your computer cause you are stupid

Notes

arararar shakur fic cause I like him a lot and would probably write more sometime

He's mean and I really like that and we should let more people be mean cause its funny

I also fucking hate him though cause he speaks like a fucking loser and all his talk about erm acktushally my logic and my computer I CANT FUCKING STAND HIM I want to beat his ass so bad for being a nerd emopji stupid chud

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

See the end of the work for more notes

The gentle hum of the office's cooling fan was completely drowned out by the aggressive, rapid-fire clacking of mechanical keyboard switches.

You stood a few cautious feet away, pressing your back against the edge of your filing cabinet, trying to stay out of the blast radius. Even sitting down in your office chair, Air Shakur was an imposing presence, especially his demeanor.

The fact that he was roughly one and a half times your size he made the standard-issue Tracen Academy desk look like a piece of dollhouse furniture. His knees practically pressed against the underside of the desk, and his tail swished with agitated, rhythmic swishes against the carpet.

He was wearing his running tracksuit, the jacket unzipped just enough to reveal the collar of his shirt, his spiky black hair sticking out in every direction. His eyes narrowed behind the glow of the dual monitors, piercings above his left eyebrow twitching as he glared at the lines of error codes flashing across the screen.

"I swear to God," Shakur muttered, his voice a low, gravelly rasp. "The administrative department must hire literal primates to write the infrastructure for this academy. This legacy code is an absolute joke. It's a miracle this entire network hasn't imploded into a black hole yet."

"I really appreciate you looking at it, Shakur," you said, offering a small, sheepish smile. You rubbed the back of your neck, feeling every bit your age in that moment. "I just wanted to upload the summer training log updates, but then the screen turned all blue, and it started making this awful... clicking sound. I was terrified I'd wiped your entire profile from the school registry."

Shakur didn't look up. His fingers flew across the keys like a concert pianist on a mission, his ear cuff jingling softly with the aggressive tilts of his head. "A blue screen just means a critical system kernel exception, Trainer. You didn't wipe anything. But the fact that you managed to trigger a memory dump just by trying to upload a text spreadsheet is genuinely impressive."

"Well, technology was a lot simpler when I started out in this business," you said defensively, though your tone remained warm and fond. You were used to this. "We used binders and stopwatches. All these cloud networks and digital synchronization tools... it's a bit

beyond me. That's why I'm so grateful we have you. You really are a genius with these things, Shakur. I don't know what I'd do without my resident tech expert."

Shakur's ears immediately pinned back against his head—a dead giveaway of his annoyance. He slammed his hand down on the enter key with a finality that made the desk rattle.

"Just... shut the hell up with the praise, would you?" he snapped, finally turning his head to glare at you. Those golden eyes pierced right through you, full of sharp, defensive prickliness. "You think I want to be here? I was right in the middle of a high-intensity interval block on the track. I had my pacing dialed down to the millisecond, completely optimized. And then I get a message that my trainer is having a meltdown because their monitor went dark. I had to cut my cooldown short, walk all the way across the central plaza in a sweaty ass tracksuit, just to fix a broken driver path."

He leaned back in the chair, the frame groaning under him, and crossed his arms tightly over his chest. "It's illogical. It's a complete waste of my processing power and my training resources. You're supposed to be supervising me, not the other way around."

"I'm sorry, Shakur. Truly," you said, keeping your voice steady and calm. You didn't let the harshness of his words bite. You'd worked with him long enough to read between the lines, to look past the defensive firewall he constantly built around himself.

You looked down at his feet. He was still wearing his track sneakers, and there was a faint dusting of track dirt near the cuffs of his pants. He had been in the middle of practice. But as you looked back up at his scowling face, you couldn't help but notice the subtle details. For all his complaining about his time being wasted, he hadn't hesitated. He hadn't ignored the message. He had come straight to the office, heavy-handed and loud, but he had come.

"I know how valuable your track time is," you continued softly. "I'll make sure to adjust tomorrow's schedule to give you back the data points you missed today. I really am sorry for interrupting your flow."

Shakur let out a sharp, clicking tsk through his teeth. He looked away, staring back at the monitor where a green progress bar was now steadily filling up.

"Whatever. Just save the sob story," he grumbled, his voice dropping an octave, losing some of its biting edge. "If I didn't come fix it, you

would've ended up calling some third-party tech support, and they would've completely butchered the directory path. Then my training metrics for the upcoming G1 races would've been corrupted by proxy. I did this to protect my own data. Not for you."

"Of course," you agreed, a small, knowing smirk tugging at the corner of your lips. "Strictly logical preservation."

"Yeah. Exactly," he muttered, though his tail gave a loose, uncoordinated twitch against the floor, betraying the rigid logic he claimed to live by. He reached into his tracksuit pocket, pulled out a small, metallic can, and slammed it onto the desk right next to your keyboard. It was some kind of nutritional supplement drink. "Here. Drink that."

You blinked, looking from the can to his. "What's this?"

"You've been staring at a frozen screen for an hour like a clueless idiot, meaning your brain is probably starved of glucose and probably also brain cells," Shakur said, standing up from the chair. The moment he stood to his full height, he was immediately over a head taller than you. Looking down at you, his expression blank but his ears twitching forward for a fraction of a second. "It tastes like dirt, but it stabilizes your focus. Drink it so you don't delete my training logs next time."

He turned toward the door, his long legs making quick work of the space, his jacket rustling.

"The patch is running. Don't touch the mouse until the bar hits one hundred percent," he called over his shoulder, his hand resting on the doorknob. "I'm going back to the dorms. Don't call me unless the building is physically on fire, Trainer or preferably, at all"

"Got it. Thank you, Shakur!" you called out.

The door slammed shut in response, a loud, definitive bang that shook the frame. You looked at the closed door, then down at the drink on your desk, and finally at the screen where the software was perfectly repairing itself. You couldn't help but chuckle softly to yourself, picking up the can.

End Notes

Oughhgjjhh I'm shakuring it

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